A DEFENCE OF *Engliſh* Commodities.

Being an

ANSWER to the PROPOSAL

For the Univerſal Uſe of

Iriſh Manufactures,

AND

Utterly rejecting and renouncing every Thing that is Wearable that comes from *England*.

Frangimur ſi Collidimur.

To which is Annexed,

An ELEGY upon the much lamented Death of Mr. DEMAR, the famous Rich Man, who Died at *Dublin* the 6th Day of *July*, 1720.

Written by Dean SWIFT.

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AN ESSAY
ON THE
DEFENCE
OF
ENGLISH COMMERCE.

TO THE READER.

FOR the Satisfaction of the Publick, the Original of this Excellent Tract (printed at Dublin) is left in the Hands of Mr. Roberts, to shew any Gentleman who desires to see it; tho' the Genuineness thereof will be easily perceived by any Person, who has been ever so little conversant in the Writings of our Author.

Among the many Beauties interspersed throughout, and the uncommon Manner of treating a Subject of this Kind, the Raillery upon himself must be looked upon as Inimitable.

To the READER.

It may ſeem improbable, (*ſays he*) that one that has done all that in him lay, to ruin his own Trade, ſhould have ſo much Charity as to ſet up for an Improver of other Peoples: *This Turn, being exactly agreeable to what he has before ſaid in his incomparable Imitation of* HORACE, (*Addreſſed to the Earl of* Oxford) *wherein he merrily declares himſelf to be,*

A Clergyman of Special Note,
For ſhunning Thoſe of his own Coat;
Which made his Brethren of the Gown,
Take care betimes to run him down.

As to the Elegy upon Demar *the Miſer, by comparing it with That upon* Partridge *the Aſtrologer* *, *it will evidently be found to be the Product of the ſame Pen.* Vale.

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* See, *Dean* Swift's *Miſcellanies*, 8vo.

An

An ANSWER *to the Propoſal for the Univerſal Uſe of* Iriſh *Manufactures*, &c.

I Am a Stranger to the Author of this Project, but I am ſure he is not a Chriſtian; and by this Mark I have no body to ſuſpect amongſt all my Acquaintance, but a *Tory* Doctor of Divinity. It may ſeem improbable, that one that has done all that in him lay to ruin his own Trade, ſhould have ſo much Charity as to ſet up for an Improver of other Peoples; but if duly examined, he

will appear all of a Piece, and conſiſtent with himſelf; tho' he is for Tythes and Tillage, he ſows no Corn, only Tares, and the Seeds of Diſcord and Contention, under the Cover of a Bandbox *.

The *Palladium* was not more dear to the *Trojans*, than the Woollen Manufactory to the People of *England*.

They have perſuaded themſelves, that it is their ancient Inheritance, the Foundation of their Power, and even neceſſary to their Exiſtence. This is emblematically expreſſed by ſetting their Magiſtrates upon Wool-Packs in the ſupreme Tribunal, to put them in mind, that They are the Support of their Authority, and to be the Object of their Care.

In theſe they cannot endure either Rivals or Partners; they are not

* *This refers to the Story of the* Band-Box Plot *againſt the Earl of* O—f—d.

more

more jealous of their Wives when an *Iriſhman* looks at them.

If any body cries out, that theſe Wool-Packs are in Danger, it immediately puts them into Fits and upon quarrelling.

This Reverend Projector for the Good of *Ireland* in the firſt place, turns Informer againſt her, and acquaints the People of *England*, that the Rents of *Iriſh* Lands have been paid hitherto by running Wool; which is not true, unleſs he means from *Dorſetſhire*.

And after he has told *England*, that *Ireland* has ſupplied Foreign Markets with Wool, and enabled them to work for themſelves, in order to preſerve Peace and Unity between the Two Kingdoms; he propoſes, by way of Recompence, to prohibit every Thing in *Ireland* that is WEARABLE, that comes from *England*.

His Pleaſure is, that every Thing ſhall be burnt that comes from *England*, except the People and the Coals; and till this is done, *Ireland* will never be happy; and for this, he has a Sort of an old Prophecy delivered to him by the Archbiſhop of *Tuam*.

He is not yet (ſays he) for leſſening the Number of theſe Exceptions, nor is he yet for *Aboliſhing Chriſtianity* *; but by the Weakneſs of his Reaſons to the contrary, no body can believe him to be in earneſt.

Non tanti Mitra eſt non tanti judicis oſtrum.

He is for continuing the Reprieve or Benefit of this Exception to the *Engliſh* People; but how long? I ſuppoſe it is only till there is a convenient Opportunity of cutting their Throats.

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* *See a Tract upon that Head, in Dean* Swift's *Miſcellanies.*

But

But this Favour is not to extend to the *Engliſh* by Birth; he has fallen upon ſome of them already in the moſt bloody and inhuman Manner, and butchered their Reputations with the Cruelty of an Aſſaſſin and Barbarian, without the leaſt Grounds or Foundation; a Madman, a *Grubſtreet* Tranſlator, and the Standard of Stupidity, are the beſt Titles he can afford to Perſons of the greateſt Worth, Rank, and Diſtinction.

Any body may know what Strain this Author is of, by his howling. Theſe are the *Labia Latrantia* (which I find taken Notice of in an ancient Act of Parliament) that uſed to be ſo formidable to the *Engliſh* Nation in former Ages.

But this good Work cannot be done without a Law; and Laws cannot be made without the Conſent of the Legiſlative Body, of which the Privy-Council in *England*

is

is a Fact, by *Poining's* Act. For this he finds an Expedient, an Ordinance of the Two Houſes of Parliament, a Solemn League and Covenant, or an Aſſociation will do the Buſineſs; eſpecially if their Honours of the Army come into it, to whom he has not Courage to ſpeak, but gives a Hint.

I ſhould be very glad, that the Gentlemen of *Ireland*, out of a publick Spirit, and a Regard to the common Intereſt of the Kingdom, would make it their Choice to be content with their own Manufactures, tho' dearer and worſe than the *Engliſh*: But what Sentiments ſuch a Prohibition would beget in *England*, and how far it is in their Power to make Repriſals, would be worth while to conſider. An Ordinance of this Nature was formerly made by an *Iriſh* Parliament, in the Reign of *Edward* the Third, when they had a much better Authority to do

it,

it, which was attended with a Reſumption of their Liberties, and that produced a Rebellion, which ended in a Confiſcation.

After he has awakened the Lion, and alarmed him with the Danger of his Whelps from *Ireland*, which at the ſame time he ſpirits up to attack them, and puts Arms and Ammunition into their Hands; he finds one great Obſtacle in his way, and that is, that the People of *Ireland* are in their perfect Senſes, which he endeavours to remove very prudently. For as God Almighty infatuates People ſometimes, in order to make them deſtroy themſelves; ſo the Devil mimicks him, and purſues the ſame Methods.

Quos vult perdere, dementat.

And therefore he applies himſelf with great Dexterity to drive them out of their Wits.

1*ſt*, He ſtimulates them with an Aggravation of their Wrongs, and inſtead

inſtead of Oil pours Vinegar into their Wounds.

2*dly*, He recommends Madneſs as a Virtue, and one of the Daughters of Wiſdom; and to prove it, calls God Almighty for a Witneſs, by vouching his Word, and perverting the Senſe of it, which, in my Opinion, is the vileſt of Perjuries; for I look upon an Interpreter of the Goſpel to be as much upon his Oath, as a *Latimer* in the Courts of Juſtice.

Says he, Oppreſſion makes wiſe Men mad, and therefore conſequently ſpeaking, if ſome Men are not mad, it is becauſe they are not wiſe; however, it were to be wiſhed, that Oppreſſion would in time teach a little Wiſdom to Fools.

He makes Madneſs to be one of the Daughters of Wiſdom, which is known by her Children; and upbraids

braids the Sobriety and good Temper of the People of *Ireland*, as an Evidence of their Folly; and then compoſes a ſhort Form of Prayer for them under the Title of Fools.

The Text only means, that Oppreſſion may make wiſe Men otherwiſe; not that it always does, for wiſe Men more frequently make Oppreſſion light by bearing it.

True Wiſdom and Virtue, often grow by Adverſity.

Creſcit ſub pondere virtus.

And of this the People of *Ireland* are an Inſtance; for ſince they have been Wiſe, they have thriven like the Palm, even by the Weights that have been laid upon Them; and I don't know that ever they got any thing by their Madneſs, except it was to have their Horns pared; which I mention here only for the Benefit of a certain Alderman of my Acquaintance, who begins to be diſſa-

 tisfied

tisfied with his present State, and to murmur at the Higher-Powers that Providence has placed over him.

I have heard of a Puppy that hanged himself, because he could not make his Wife say the word *Cravent*; and of a certain King that cut his own Throat, only because he was not an Emperor. But I hope the Alderman will prove a better Christian, and that he will consider, that the Liberty of making use of *the Best in Christendom*, at least once a Week, is no hard Portion for an Alderman *.

After he has done with the Holy Scriptures, the Author ransacks the Heathens for a Case in Point, in behalf of Madness; and he is so unfortunate, as to pitch upon the Fable of *Pallas* and *Arachne*.

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* *Supposed to be one* Q—n, *an Apothecary.*

Ovid relates it thus: *Arachne*, a young Virgin, had been brought up by *Pallas* to great Perfection in the Art of Spinning and Weaving; but she was so ungrateful as to disown her Benefactor, and to give out in Speeches, that she excelled her. *Pallas* hearing of it, and taking it ill, came to her in the Shape of an old Woman, and advised her to avoid such Speeches, and to submit her self to the Goddess; but she called her an old Fool, upbraided the Infirmities of her Age, and bid her go and teach her Grandchildren, for that she was wise enough to rely upon her self, desiring her withal to carry a Challenge to *Pallas*; whereupon the Goddess revealed her self: *Arachne* was a little abashed, but still persisted in her Presumption; for which *Pallas*, after a long Trial, gave her a Stroke upon the Head, which deprived her

of her Senſes, and made her Hang her ſelf. As ſhe was hanging, the Goddeſs relented, and cut the Rope; but to preſerve the Letter, and eaſe the Severity of the firſt Sentence, ſhe turned her into a Spider, with Liberty to exerciſe her Art only upon the Materials of her own Bowels. Upon which ſhe and her Poſterity were to Hang or Depend for ever.

- - - Pendentem miſerata levavit
Atq; ita vive quidem, pende tamen im-
proba dixit
Lexq; Eadem Pœnæ ne ſis ſecura futuri
Facta tuo generi ſeriſq; nepotibus eſto.

By *Arachne*, according to the beſt Mythologiſts, is meant the Devil; and by *Pallas*, the Deity.

The Pride, Vanity, Ingratitude and Preſumption of the Creatures, and the Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Juſtice of the Creator, are exhibited

in

in this Story. The Moral of it is to caution us againſt this great Virtue, that this Author would inculcate, by ſhewing the ill Conſequences of putting our Truſt in our ſelves, and contending with God or our Superiours.

The Judgment is founded upon the ſtanding Rules of Providence, which is to humble the proud, and has ſome Reſemblance to that which was given againſt *Adam*, from whence ſome hold, the Poet took the Hint.

But on which ſide does our wiſe Projector declare himſelf; for *Pallas* or *Arachne*? Would any body imagine, that the Devil ſhould be ſo fooliſh as to employ any body that would own he was of his ſide? and yet that is in effect the Caſe. He owns he has always pitied poor *Arachne* from a Child, and that he never could heartily love the Goddeſs, upon Account of the Injuſtice of this Sentence. Could

Could *Belphegor* himſelf have ſpoken with a greater Fellow-feeling and Tenderneſs for his Brethren? Or could any body expreſs in plainer Terms, his Eſteem for Pride, Vanity, Folly and Preſumption, and his Hatred of Truth, Juſtice, and Wiſdom.

He very candidly now gives his Reaſons, why he never could heartily love God, and that it was upon account of his Cruelty and Injuſtice to the Devil. Poor *Arachne* is a great Object of Compaſſion, that was guilty of no other Crime, but Pride and Preſumption; and he is for reverſing the Sentence of Heaven againſt her, leſt it ſhould be a Precedent in his own Caſe.

After he has made Madneſs paſs for Wiſdom, and Wiſdom for Folly, and juſtified the Devil, and made God the Author of Sin; he does the Archbiſhop of *Dublin* the Honour

to place him on his Right Hand, and to introduce him into the Company of his Favourites, with a Compliment upon his Qualifications to succeed St. *Peter*.

I can deny nothing to the Character of that Great, Good, and Learned Prelate, but Infallibility; and I am sure he has done nothing to deserve the Favour of the Conclave designedly; nor am I less sure that this Author would not have magnified his Deserts, if he had thought that he had not.

But *England* he salutes with a *Vade ad sinistram*, and places her on the same Bench with *Pallas*, and the rest of his Enemies.

But what has *England* done? Why, she has executed the Sentence of *Pallas* upon *Ireland*, and with Additions of Rigour and Severity: In what? If he means by *Ireland*, the native *Irish*, his Countrymen, as I believe he

he does, I must confess that he has once spoken Truth. They have been chastised by *England* with great Severity; and I am in great Hopes that they will take warning for the Future. But if they have had the Fate of *Arachne*, it was for the same Crime, *viz.* their Madness, Pride and Presumption: And yet though their Crime was as great, their Punishment does not seem quite so bad: They have been Metamorphosed, but into what? Not Spiders, but Men; they have been transformed from Savages into reasonable Creatures, and delivered from a State of Nature and Barbarism, and endowed with Civility and Humanity.

England has adorned them with her Habits, Language and Manners, and let them into all the Benefits and Privileges of her Laws, Policy, and Government; and some of them

shine

ſhine at this Day, in the higheſt Places of Honour and Truſt under her Authority.

Ut omnes ſcirent patere virtuti viam.

And indeed to do Juſtice to the *Iriſh* Nation, they have afforded this Age ſome of the moſt Celebrated Wits, as well as the moſt Renowned Heroes; in which Number I cannot deny this Author, (as wicked as he is) a principal Place, without departing from thoſe Rules of Candour and Integrity by which I propoſe to walk.

But if he means the *Engliſh* ſettled in *Ireland*, who are beſt known by the Name of *Proteſtants*; what Reaſon have they to complain? If they have, they do not.

They retain one inſeparable Property of *Engliſhmen*, which is to be *Tenacious* of their Liberties; but

they are too wiſe to murmur at any thing they cannot help, without ſuch Meaſures as would make the Hazard of loſing all, much greater than the Proſpect of Redreſs.

There is not a nobler Branch of the Reformed Religion, or of the *Engliſh* Nation, to be found in the World.

They are not only inviolably attached to the Intereſt of His Majeſty's Royal Houſe, but moſt affectionate to the *Engliſh* Name.

With this they are branded as a Crime, not only for being patient, but for being fond of every thing that comes from *England*, only for being *Engliſh*.

This Author has put Three Perſons of the greateſt Merit, in a moſt ridiculous Light, only to reflect upon the People of *Ireland*, for their Partiality in the Regards which they have ſhewn them; which if it had

not been due to their Perſons, makes the Compliment the greater to their Country. The Proteſtants of *Ireland* are ſenſible, that Nature and Circumſtances, as well as Conſtitution and Original Right, have placed them under a Dependance upon their Mother Country, whoſe Protection and Juſtice they have the utmoſt Confidence in; and think it their great Happineſs, that they have her to depend upon; becauſe they cannot depend upon themſelves, much leſs upon them whoſe Properties they enjoy, and whoſe Enmities can never be extinguiſhed, as long as the Motives of Intereſt, Religion, and National Averſion endure.

Though it is very natural for every Man to covet to have a Mill of his own, eſpecially a Miller; yet they don't think it unreaſonable for the Head Landlord, upon a Diviſion of the Soil into Tenancies, to re-

ſerve Suit of Mill and Court to himſelf; that is to ſay, the Manufactury and Judicature, which were uſual Tenures amongſt the *Saxons*; and therefore they cheerfully ſubmit to ſuch Reſtrictions, as the Donor, under whom they claim, and by whoſe Warranty they ſubſiſt, has thought fit to impoſe upon them.

They are ſatisfied with their preſent State, and not deſirous to meddle with the Forbidden-Tree, whilſt they have Liberty to enjoy all the reſt of the Fruits of the Garden; and whoever endeavours to perſuade them to the contrary, they look upon him as an Emiſſary of the Devil.

This is the Senſe of the Proteſtants of *Ireland*, which has been already expreſſed by the Preſentments of the Two Grand Juries of the City and County of *Dublin*; and whoever endeavours to repreſent them otherwiſe, is an Incendiary. The

The Serpent that now deludes them in the Form of a Projector, they were presently aware of; and knew him, notwithstanding the Shifting of his Skin, to be the same evil Genius that set the People of *England* against *their best and most faithful Allies* *. He has Variety of Shapes; sometimes he is a Statesman and a Politician, sometimes he is a Priest, sometimes a Philosopher, and at other times a Tradesman; but for the most part a Ballad-Maker, a Punster, and a Merry-Andrew; unchangeable in this alone, that his constant End is to do Mischief, and to make People Mad in order to destroy them.

I shall conclude with the Speech that the Old Woman made to *Arachne*, (says she) *It is the greatest*

* *Alluding to a Pamphlet, Entitled,* The Conduct of the Allies.

Happineſs of Mortals to know themſelves; a Friend can do them no greater Good than to inſtruct them with Fidelity; and an Enemy never gains a greater Advantage over them, than when he puffs up their Pride, and puts out their Eyes with Flattery, and engages them in Enterprizes to which they are unequal.

Conſider who you are, with whom you contend, and what it is you contend about. You are but a mortal Woman, tho' you excel all your Sex in Beauty and Skill; but Pallas *is a Goddeſs, renowned for Wiſdom and Courage. Look into the Councils of the Gods, and you will find that* Jove *himſelf relies upon her: In the War with the Giants, ſhe hurled Mountains at them. The Art of Spinning ſhe has been poſſeſſed of from all Eternity, 'tis her ancient Property: The Gods have moſt bountifully provided for you;* Venus *has adorned you with her Beauty,*

and

and Pallas *with her Skill: Don't provoke them by your Pride, Ingratitude, and Preſumption, to withdraw the Bleſſings which they have beſtowed upon you. Put not any Truſt in* Mezentius, *who deſpiſes you, and would rejoice to ſee you miſerable: He is a Contemner of the Gods, a Hater of Mankind, and a Lover of himſelf; he was lately kicked into the Iſland of* Lemmos, *for throwing Squibs at* Jupiter.

This is to the ſame Purpoſe with *Vulcan*'s Speech to his Mother in *Homer*, when ſhe quarrelled with her Husband, and may ſerve for an Inſtruction to States and Kingdoms, as well as Private Families.

AN

and Pallas with her Skill: Don't provoke them by your Pride, Ingratitude, and Presumption, to subdurn the Displeasure which they have deserved upon you. But my Lord is Mercurius, who delights you, and would repine to see you miserable: He is a Countenance of the Gods, a Hater of Mankind, and a Lover of himself; he was lately kicked into the Head of Lemnos, for thrusting Spite at Jupiter.

This is to the same Purpose with Vulcan's Speech to his Mother in Homer, when she quarrelled with her Husband, and may serve for an Instruction to States and Kingdoms, as well as Private Families.

AN

ELEGY

On the much lamented Death of Mr. DEMAR, *the Famous Rich Man, who died the Sixth of this Inſtant* July, 1720.

By the AUTHOR of *the Art of Punning.*

KNow all Men by theſe Preſents, Death the Tamer
By *Mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *Corpſe* of *Demar*;
Nor can *Four hundred thouſand Sterling Pound*
Redeem him from his *Priſon* under Ground.
His Heirs might well, of all his Wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one Iron Cheſt.
Pluto, the God of Wealth, will joy to know
His faithful Steward, in the Shades below.

He walk'd the Streets, and wore a Thread-bare Cloak;
He Din'd and Supp'd at Charge of other Folk,
And by his Looks, had he held out his Palms,
He might be thought an Object fit for Alms.
So to the Poor, if he refus'd his Pelf,
He us'd 'em full as kindly as himself.

Wheree'er he went, he never saw his *Betters*,
Lords, *Knights* and *Squires* were all his humble *Debtors*.
And under *Hand* and *Seal* the *Irish* Nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *Obligation*.

He that could once have Half a Kingdom Bought,
In half a Minute, is not worth one Groat;
His *Coffers* from the *Coffin* could not save,
Nor all his Int'rest keep him from the Grave.
A Golden Monument would not be Right,
Because we wish *the Earth upon him light* *.

* ——Sit tibi terra levis.

Oh,

Oh, *London-Tavern!* Thou haſt loſt a Friend,
Tho' in thy Walls he ne'er did Farthing ſpend;
He *touch'd* the *Pence*, when others *touch'd the Pot*;
The Hand that ſign'd the Mortgage paid the *Schot*.

Old as he was, no vulgar known Diſeaſe,
On him could ever boaſt a Pow'r to ſeize;
But as his Gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpight,
Caſt in his Dart, which made Three Moydores light.
And as he ſaw his darling Money fail,
Blew his laſt Breath to ſink the lighter Scale.

He who ſo long was *Currant*, 'twou'd be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *Change*.

The *Sexton* ſhall green Sods on Thee beſtow;
Alas, the *Sexton* is thy *Banker* now!
A diſmal *Banker* muſt that *Banker* be,
Who gives no *Bills*, but of *Mortality*.

The EPITAPH.

BEneath this verdant *Hillock* lies,
Demar the *Wealthy*, and the *Wise*.
His *Heirs* for *Winding-Sheet* beſtow'd
His *Money-Bags* together ſow'd.

And that he might ſecurely reſt,
Have put his *Carcaſs* in a *Cheſt*.
The very *Cheſt* in which, they ſay,
His *other Self*, his *Money* lay.
And if his *Heirs* continue kind,
To that dear *Self* he left behind;
I dare believe, that Four in Five
Will think his *better Half* alive.

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